

THE SHAKER.

"I WILL SHAKE ALL NATIONS, AND THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS SHALL COME; AND I WILL FILL THIS HOUSE WITH GLORY, SAITH THE LORD."

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Home Again.

When drawing nigh unto the wharf, on the steam-tug that landed us from the Atlantic, it was a happy sound when some of the officers said: "Your people are waiting for you." And it was a joyful meeting with a company of Elder brethren and Elder sisters from different families, among whom was the ever-welcome presence of "the Managing Editor," G. A. Lomas. How good to meet with loved ones after long and distant absence!

Having sailed on the 1st of July in the Atlantic, under Captain Murray, we landed from her, now under the command of Captain Perry, on the 4th of September.

We have received from my dear friend and fellow-traveler, J. M. Peables, the representative of the Spiritualists of America, the following communication for the little SHAKER, which will speak for itself.

F. W. EVANS.

STEAMER ATLANTIC,
WHITE STAR LINE,
September 3, 1871.

Editor of THE SHAKER:

It is Sunday at sea. The mimic bell has summoned the passengers to the saloon for divine worship. Bibles, prayer-books, hymn-books, are strewn around loosely upon the table. A pulpit is improvised—all is ready. The English clergyman, richly vested, appears, to read the service. The measured mechanical music now reaches our ears. Is this serving God? Does God require any such cold, formal service? Would not feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and educating the masses in the principles of justice, equality and charity, be infinitely more acceptable in the sight of God and angels? Elder F. W. Evans, ourself and a few others retired—retired as a protest against making the English church service a sort of religious steamboat "church and state" institution on board the White Star line of steamers. No American, touched with the fires of freedom, or thoroughly alive to the genius of this progressive age, can for a moment encourage any thing that tends to a church and state establishment—the entering wedge of which is the strenuous effort now being made by sectarists to put "God," the trinitarian God, into the Constitution. This done, and the Declaration of Independence becomes a nullity, and religion degenerates into theology, bigotry and persecution unto death. *This done, and farewell*

to freedom of speech and press—farewell to that freedom which now grants to all the organizations, orders and denominations of the land the privilege of worshipping God after the "dictates of their own conscience." The virus of churchal sectarism is as poisonous to-day as in the sixteenth century. Let Americans be on their guard.

ENGLISH LANDS.

Travel in any direction from London by the interlacing railway conveyances, and you involuntarily pronounce England a garden. Industry has seemingly carried cultivation to perfection. There is a neatness, a thrift in the agricultural districts seldom seen in America, where lands are cheap, and where wide prairies are waiting to respond to plow and sower. Though meadows, hedge-rows and waving harvest-fields charm the eye, the soul is burdened with the knowledge that only the few own the soil. Land monopoly is the rule in the British kingdom. Few seem to ponder upon the fact, that the right to life presupposes the further right of each individual to sufficient soil to sustain that life. The land-holders in her "Majesty's realm" are rapidly decreasing. It is said, and without contradiction, so far as we know, that a hundred and fifty persons own to-day one-half of the land in England; while twelve proprietors hold, and professedly "own," nineteen and a-half millions of acres in Scotland. Magnificent mansions, elegant parks, and vast deer forests with odious game laws, abound for the comfort and amusement of English noblemen, while the starving poor beg for bread. London journals reported one hundred and fifty thousand paupers in the city alone, last March. It is also estimated that there are a million more women than men in England. Poverty and dissatisfaction are on the increase. Elder Frederic bore a strong testimony, in all his public meetings that we attended, against the terrible condition of things in Britain—the land of his birth. Is not America, England's younger brother, imitating her in sundry wicked schemes of land monopoly? Capital is continually concentrating, and, through cunning and cupidity, banking institutions, railroad corporations and land monopolies are becoming fearful engines of power, making the rich richer, the poor poorer. When, oh! when, will selfish, land-grabbing Americans feel the heaven-voiced principle of equality—feel the pentecostal fire—feel the descending baptismal flame—and verify the conviction by this apostolic practice: "And they that believed had all things in common"?

THE ENGLISH MISSION.

A long time ago, we read the great speech of Elder F. W. Evans, made at the Rutland Convention, in Vermont. Some six years since, I met him in New York. Handing me several Shaker works to read, he utterly astounded me with his perfect familiarity with spiritualists and spiritualism. He had been converted from cold materialism to a knowledge of the future existence through his own personal mediumship. He further surprised me by relating wonderful manifestations he had witnessed in their communities, and through our media who had fled at different times to their societies for rest and mental recuperation. This interview interested me in Shakerism, its testimonies in favor of present inspirations, communications, peace principles, temperance, etc., etc. Work with all true workers for reform, has been my motto for years. Denominational names are but "tinkling cymbals." To this end, those joint conventions of Spiritualists and Shakers were held last winter in Cleveland, and Troy, N. Y., to the satisfaction and mutual profit, we believe, of both parties. Elder Frederic's first London meeting was held in Cleveland Hall. The audience was composed mostly of Spiritualists and Secularists. Mrs. Emma Hardinge was present, and expressed herself highly delighted with his radical utterances against orthodox theologies and monarchical governments. He also publicly testified to the facts of Spiritualism. The great meeting was held in St. George's Hall, Langham place. W. Hepworth Dixon, Esq., author of "New America," "Spiritual Wives," etc., occupied the chair. The large hall was densely packed before the hour for service. After the lecture commenced, a continual stream reached the outer door, and then left, unable to gain admission. There were present, members of Parliament, distinguished journalists, prominent Darwinians, clergymen, Spiritualists, Secularists, social reformers. The music was excellent. And never have we seen greater attention paid to a speaker than to Elder Evans upon this occasion. The "Spirit of the Lord was upon him." Occasionally there was a dissent; as, for instance, when he advised the English to dispense with the "bishops and noblemen constituting the 'House of Lords,' and put women in their places!" He further shocked them when declaring that the repenting, warring "God of Israel" was nothing but a tutelary divinity—and that the seventy communities of Shakers in America were so many communities believing in present revelations and spirit minis-

trations. As a whole, the audience was charmed with the simplicity, sincerity and solid logic of the speaker. Mr. Dixon did himself great credit as the presiding officer. To James Burns, editor of *Medium and Human Nature*, and publisher of spiritualist literature in London, belongs the honor of getting up this and a series of meetings for the Elder in the provinces. At several of these gatherings he presided as chairman, making at each an appropriate opening address. Friend Burns is an inspired man, with great versatility of talent, and Mrs. Burns is truly a "helpmeet." They have two rosy-cheeked boys, perfect specimens of health, that never tasted of meat nor medicine in their lives.

A GROVE MEETING.

It was our privilege to be present at the first large open-air demonstration of Spiritualists in England. The meeting was held at Bowling Hill, near the city of Bradford. Those gifted in calculation, estimated that there were two thousand present. It was a grand spectacle. Mr. Burns, elected president by acclamation, made the preliminary speech, earnest, eloquent and catholic. Elder Frederic, ourself and others addressed the hungering crowd. It was a grand success. At the second session, after the Elder had given a detailed account of his conversion from Robert Owen Materialism to Spiritualism, he elaborately elucidated the leading principles of Shakerism. The interest was intense, and the questions interesting. The Elder showed great wisdom in answering them. Take these as samples.

"If Shakers do not marry, how do they increase their communities?" "By gathering in from the world those who have ripened up for the sickle—ours is the harvest order." "But did not God in the beginning of creation command men to multiply and replenish the earth?" "I do not know, not having been there at the time; and then, other than the instincts of the earthly nature, a special command from God to insects, beasts and men to 'replenish the earth,' would seem quite useless. They certainly do *such business* now without any direct command from God." "Well, if all should turn Shakers, would it not run the world out?" "I apprehend no immediate danger of all men turning Shakers—the cross is too great and the life is too self-denying. And, as for running the world out, the tendency, considering feticide, abortions and illegitimate offspring, seems to 'run' in a different direction at present. But, if the world should be 'run out,' the calamity would not be very serious, inasmuch, as upon the Darwinian basis, there are plenty of *monkeys* in Asia and Africa to get up a new race; and this might be an improvement!" "But you oppose marriage." "Nay, friend, *not marriage per se*. The marriage relation is legitimate on the earthly plane, for reproduction, as Moses taught. But ours is the resurrection order—a degree above—and bears the same relation to the world that the spirit bears to the body."

My work in England was mostly of a business character, relative to the publication of

Higgins' "Anaclypsis," new edition of "Jesus—myth, man or God," and the gathering of facts for the European department of the Year-Book of Spiritualism for 1872.

PERPETUAL COMMUNISM.

Without pronouncing judgment at this time either for or against the ascetic orders of the ages, I confess myself astonished, after reading the histories of the East, at the silver threads of celibacy and communism that run like crystal waters through all the nations of antiquity. Jamblichus, writing of Pythagoras' visit to Italy, says:

"More than two thousand, in the first public discourse of Pythagoras, were arrested by his doctrine, who, together with their wives and children, forming an immense auditory, and having founded the community called *Græcia Magna*, received from him laws and ordinances, which they regarded as maxims of divine authority, and which in no instance they transgressed, but which the whole assembly with one accord obeyed; being admired and proclaimed *blessed* by all around. They had their goods in common." (*De Vita Pyth.*, c. 6, p. 22.)

The learned Philo, writing of the wise men of Egypt, observes that

"The object of these philosophers is manifest from the title which they assume. The men, and even the women, call themselves *Therapeutæ*, that is, *Healers*, and this with propriety, as professing a medical art superior to that practiced by men of the world. The latter profess to heal only the bodies, while the former cure the souls of men, when seized by disorders, when occupied by lusts or by an innumerable multitude of other vices. The persons who profess this art, embrace it not from education, nor from the persuasions of others, but because they are seized by the love of Heaven. Thinking themselves already dead to the world, they desire only a blessed immortal existence. They fix their habitations on the outside of cities, in gardens and villages, seeking retirement, not, I conceive, from religious hatred of mankind, but to avoid a pernicious intercourse with the world. This society now prevails throughout the habitable globe, the members thinking it their duty to share with Greeks and barbarians the consummate blessings they enjoy. They have a sacred apartment in which they perform the mysteries of a holy life. Into this place they bring neither meat nor drink, nor anything but the laws and divinely inspired oracles of the prophets. The idea of God is ever present to their thoughts. Many of them deliver magnificent visions, suggested by their sacred philosophy in the home of repose. Their clothing is plain and simple. They eat no food more costly than coarse bread, regarding plenitude as prejudicial to both body and mind. They practice great humility; and, holding all things equal, each seeks another's good."

The Jewish historian, Josephus, writes thus of the Esseneans:

"They cherish mutual love beyond other men. They reject pleasure as evil; and look upon temperance and a conquest over the passions as the greatest virtue. There prevails among them a contempt of marriage; but they receive the children of others, and educate them as their own. * * * They despise riches, and are much to be admired for their liberality; nor can any be found among them who is more wealthy than the rest. It is a law with them, that those who join their order should distribute their possessions among the members. They wear white apparel; and neither buy nor sell among themselves. They avoid oaths—teach the immortality of the soul, and hold forth the rewards of virtue to be most glorious.

* * * The course of life they pursue is exempt from change or the caprices of fashion, and they bear some resemblance to the communities said to subsist among the Dacians."

The Hindoos had their Rajahs, the Egyptians their Therapeutæ, the Syrians their Esseneans, the Greeks their Pythagoreans, the Romans their Anchorites, and the Medieval ages their Hermits. These often fled to deserts to escape persecutions. Finding solitude sweet, they remained. Athanasius, Basil, Chrysostom, Gregory of Nazianzen, Jerome, Augustine, Evagrius, Cassians, and others of the first centuries, encouraged or practiced lives of retirement—lives of self-restraint, celibacy, poverty, and the exercise of charity and good deeds towards all men.

When the principles of self-sacrifice, benevolence and mutual love abound among individuals, races and nations as reigning forces, then will dawn the Republic of Plato, the Arcadia of the poets, the Eden of the bards, and the happy-valleys of the seers seen in visions. These golden days are coming. The peace echoes of the Quakers, the reform principles of these seventy Shaker communities, the radical teachings of Elder Frederic, the daring enunciations of William Denton, the brave utterances of Lucretia Mott, the pathetic pleadings of Mary F. Davis, the eloquent orations of Emma Hardinge, and the stirring appeals of other great-hearted philanthropists and speakers, are harbingers of the millennial era. Each religious cycle yields its harvest sheaves. But before the victory, before the shouting of the "harvest home," comes another outpouring of the Revelator's "vial of wrath." Crucifixions precede transfigurations as do thunders the storms that purify the air. A religious-political war-cloud is gathering in the distance. Only the ministry and mediation of spirits can arch this cloud with the rainbow of peace. Let Shakers, Quakers, Secularists, Spiritualists and Liberals *all* form a solid phalanx to meet the emergency, using "spiritual weapons" for the pulling down of strongholds and the up-building of the temple of truth.

J. M. PEEBLES.

Life in God.

Intelligence and Love are the primary attributes in the Godhead; all others are subordinate, and move in harmony with these.

Without supreme intelligence, the universe of mind and matter *could not exist*. No other attribute is adequate to the comprehension and execution of the stupendous whole! Remove intelligence, and what remains?

Love is the *feminine* in God, the Mother of all *their* children in the universe. Wisdom is the appropriate *use* by the Supreme, in the design and creation of the universe of mind and matter. Power is only the inherent force of God in creation. Judgment is only the Omniscient exercise of the divine mind and will.

Love is the attraction of mind and matter, and *binds* the stupendous whole—the universe of God. Remove love from the human soul, and what remains to time and the children of earth? We should immediately fall asunder and become extinct.

Between supreme intelligence and love there

has been an eternal union, co-existence, mutual recognition of excellence, and immutable purpose in the grand design—Perfection absolute!

Love is the magnet of creative intelligence, and draws her children to herself, and the embraces of each other, and contiguity in the procreative union; without love, the sexes are a nullity, and an unmeaning distinction of creation.

We can only reason by the powers of body and mind given us; these powers acting on the objects of time, and, by analogy, necessarily rising to a higher source, give us our ideas of ourselves, and of a Supreme intelligence.

We find ourselves in this lower sphere, male and female, a perfect adaptation of the appropriate, productive power, and the love principle, or passion in co-operation.

By analogy, we ask, are (there) Father and Mother in God? As we are only recipients of their gifts, could they impart attributes not contained in themselves? The whole creation, as far as we comprehend it, is male and female, and the female as Mother, and centre of influence in the family!

Come, ye savans of the earth, these are facts, and logical deductions; we ask you to fairly examine the same, and publish to the world your conclusions.

On this subject we have the testimony of the holy Saviour, in these words: "Have ye not read, that He who made them at the beginning, made them male and female, and said, for this cause, shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh: wherefore they were no more twain, but one flesh." "What, therefore, God has joined together, let no man put asunder." Mark! In the procreative union they are one; so pronounced by God, and so confirmed by the Son.

The teaching of the holy Saviour, not only acknowledges, but confirms the Mosaic account of creation, as male and female, and also their likeness to the Godhead: "And God said, let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, etc. So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them: and God blessed and said unto them, be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it."

This is the record of the Bible, as plain as the English language can make it, as expressed by God himself, that God is male and female; and that Adam and Eve are one, the express image of them or him, as you please.

Those who believe the sacred record, are as sacredly bound to receive His testimony! There can be no shadow of doubt or turning: it is yea, amen!

Three males in the Godhead are a monstrosity, and repugnant to every feeling in humanity! A barren conglomeration of unproductive elements. The holy Saviour never told his disciples that there were three male persons in His Father, and that He was one of them.

But this Trinity is a most mortifying and degrading image, in the Christian (?) galaxy; borrowed, yea stolen from Oriental mythology.

Go into the Hindoo temples, and you will there find his catholic majesty, and the Hindoo worship nearly verbatim to that of the holy See.

The Hindoos, Tartars and others say, the west inherited or borrowed catholicism of their oriental brethren; the catholics deny the charge, and say, the missionaries carried the sacred dogma to the heathen nations; but every oriental scholar knows that the gods belonged originally to the east, and that the west is the dupe of paganism.

The missionary Huc, on his way to China, tarried over winter in the Tartar city of Lassa. Here he made the acquaintance of a young Tartar prince, and spent most of his time in converting the young nobleman. In the spring before his departure, Huc thus addressed his young friend: "I am about to depart on my mission, and wish to have a memorial of my labors. I think you are fully prepared to enter upon the solemn rites of our sacred religion; I propose baptism." Said the prince, "Stop, my worthy friend, you are quite too fast; I have listened to you attentively all winter, and perceive, to my astonishment, that our theologies are identical." "O, well, well," said Huc, "our missionaries have been here, and taught you these sublime truths." "Quite too fast again," said the prince; "Whatever of religion, law, physic and the sciences you have in the west, all are oriental, and the east are your teachers." So Huc departed on his mission, "a wiser if not a better man."

WM. REDMON, U. Village.

In character, in manners, in style, in all things the supreme excellence is simplicity.

Nothing new, nothing great, nothing curious, nothing marvelous, nor even miraculous in creatures, tends in the least to effect the work of regeneration. This is wrought by daily self-denial, mortification and suffering; by quietly and patiently doing and suffering the will of God in preference to our own.

Nothing can long delight him who delighteth not, above all things, in God.

True repentance is turning from evil to good; from self to God.

Tears, without turning, will never be owned for repentance.

Grant, O Heavenly Father, that I may fear nothing but sin; hate none but self; love nothing but thee and thine.

Count not that time lost which is spent in meditation and prayer.

PELHAM.

Innocence.

True innocence is like a bright, lovely jewel; this jewel is easily tarnished. How important then, that we keep it bright by a life, pure and unspotted. We should shun the very appearance of evil, even in thought and feeling.

To my mind, true innocence consists in living a life so pure, that nothing will enter the mind, but what is perfectly refined from all grossness and everything that would lead thereto, so that if our thoughts were written, there would be no occasion for shame. The innocent mind has needs of keeping no guard, nor taking thought, for fear of overstepping the bounds of modesty; for as the heart is, so will be our words and acts.

Innocence will join us to the angels, and fit us to dwell with them.

JULIA E. PIERSON, Shirley.

Thoughts by a Shaker Sister.

David said, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." This is true of every man and woman. Our life, in all respects, is a wonder. We live and move and have an existence. We breathe—some unseen power keeps the machinery in motion—the heart beats; the tongue moves to sound forth the thoughts of the brain and feelings of the soul, and the ears of others catch those sounds; thus mind meets mind and we impress our thoughts upon others. The eyes, the sole medium through which light is transmitted to the body, are wonderful in their construction. All the members of the human body (if healthy) move in conformity to the will-force, or in unison with the controlling governing wheel of the machine; the intelligence coming through the brain. We eat, we drink, we wake, we sleep. Who can tell how all the vital forces operate? and how the subtle agencies are brought to bear upon the human organism, so as to retain the equilibrium, and preserve the harmonious action of all the parts?

We speak of life and death. Life represents action. "Life is heat; Death is cold," means decay—dissolution. Does the philosopher, the theologian, or the greatest seer of the ages, understand the *modus operandi* by which this "harp of a thousand strings" is constructed and attuned?

We see an ordinary machine, produced by man's ingenuity or intelligence, and perhaps comprehend how, by wind, steam, or water, as a propelling force, the wheels are set in motion; but the thoughts—the reasoning powers—of human beings, the emotional feelings—feelings of joy and sorrow, of love and hate—who understands their origin, so that they could take us by the hand, and lead us along the path which conducts to the fountain, and reveal the mystery?

"Help, Lord, for the godly man"—the preserver of the earth—"ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

Whether the above quotation is applicable to our own time, keen observers of men and things, of cause and effect, must decide.

One thing is certain; that is, "Truth," as applied to practical life, does not, at the present time, "ride (very) prosperously through the land." "All have sinned," have violated the physical and spiritual laws of their being, more or less; and few indeed do good—do right—according to their highest conception of right. Is there a remedy? If so, where is it to be found?

A crucified Jesus has been preached; runners have gone up and down through the land crying, "Lo here! and lo there!" Spiritual teachers and modern prophets have arisen; periodicals and daily journals have become very numerous; and others are springing into life; and now, by the aid of the iron horse, which wends its way among the hills and valleys with almost lightning speed, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, they are conveyed from city to city, to every hamlet; and nearly every cottage throughout the civilized land over which the cultivator has passed. Knowledge is thereby increased; but "the wicked continue to do wickedly;" and true understanding, touching the Christian life, is, to a great extent, hidden from mortal sight.

Christendom is full of names—sects. Many churches, with their towering spires pointing somewhere, attract attention from those who are thirsting for the spiritual waters of life, "as the hart panteth for the water brooks," and they ask the learned divines, "Is righteousness, which maketh men and women righteous, practically righteous, found within these courts?" Their answer is, "No; we rely on the merits of a crucified Jesus! By his stripes we are healed! By his righteousness we shall, in the future, be saved!"

The people known as "*Shakers*," have not sought to be numbered with popular Christians—the sects called orthodox. They have dwelt alone, and have preferred to let *works*, rather than worldly profession and gorgeous display of Church paraphernalia, bespeak their faith. As birds, they have fled to the mountains—the highest revealed spiritual truth—and sought cover "under the wings of the anointed cherub." There they patiently wait, drinking in inspiration from the celestial spheres, and watch for the bright morning star to arise, the precursor of a new day, when an angel messenger to the present generation will come forth, who will speak unto the Churches and breathe the breath of life into them, and cause them again to "rise and stand upon their feet"—rebaptize them with the same spirit which first called them into being. They have, for a long time, lain as "dead bodies in the streets spiritually called Sodom and Egypt"—sensual pleasure, and the darkness arising therefrom—"where our Lord was crucified." The carnal life is opposed to the spiritual, and always kills the life of God in the soul.

When the first angel messenger has performed a work, then another angel will follow, who will testify of the dual God, and the dual Christ—a living, risen Saviour, who will walk with those who are willing to enrobe themselves in linen white and clean—*virgin purity*. Then the voice will be heard, saying: "Come up hither"—to the higher life.

Modern Spiritualism is an angel of light, and has wrought a great change in society. Not a quarter of a century has passed since a believer in spirit communings was called heterodox. *Revelation* was a thing of the past, except in natural science. Not one spirit friend was welcome to bear a torch-light of truth to this sin-darkened world.

Spirit influences have now become so strong and subtle, that they have found their way into almost every household, and pierced nearly every circle. It is doing its work—shaking old-established creeds and dogmas, "confounding the wisdom" of the hierarchy, and is "bringing to naught the understanding of the prudent."

In this way, God will pull down what man has builded that is false. *Truth alone will stand!* All the dashing, surging waves of error and superstition that may beat against it cannot move it! *Truth will live!* and all who build upon it will live! such will behold a risen Saviour, and feel his power. *Truth has no bounds;* as it is co-eternal with Deity, so it fills immensity! Error must fall before it. May God, through the medium of his own choosing, speed the work! A. DOOLITTLE.

Inspiration.

A very interesting study, to the observer of Nature, is the combination of its various elements, whether spontaneous or artificial. The solid earth itself, with its ocean and its atmosphere, is the result of this union of elements. One combination produces the delicate plant with its exquisitely beautiful flowers, and another the stately tree—the glory of the vegetable realms. One, the sparkling gem; another, that which gives us the material for our most durable and magnificent edifices. One furnishes that which is agreeable to the sense and productive of health and vigor; another, that which is every way disagreeable and even destructive of life. Separate these into their constituent parts, and the beauty, the fragrance, the solidity, and even their foul and destructive characteristics disappear.

The grand truths to be deduced from these facts are, that the various results which are effected in the material world are all owing to the different combinations of its elements; that these combinations and their results are all under the control of the Divine Mind; are partly within the power of created beings at the present time; and, in the future, so far as they affect man's condition, will be wholly under his control. For, it is not to be supposed that our chemists have arrived at all the ultimates of things in their various analyses of Nature, though they have resolved substances into more than sixty of, what they call, primates or elements. And even Huxley, with his newly discovered *protoplasm*, is likely to be surpassed by future analysts. Reasoning from what has already been discovered by man in the realms of Nature, it is not contrary to the deductions of sound logic to believe that hereafter he will so far penetrate into what are now its secrets, as to be able to give unerring rules for the maintenance of physical health, and, as a necessary consequence, such as shall have an important bearing upon the moral status. Much has already been done towards "a consummation so devoutly to be wished;" but the manifest uncertainties in our various schools of medicine declare how very far we are yet from that most desirable state of things. And the numerous schools for moral health show that there is, at least, among the masses as much uncertainty respecting the true mode of the soul's salvation as of that of the body. And yet, we have all learned something. We have learned that there are certain influences to be shunned if we would maintain physical health, and others to be earnestly sought after. There are those, also, that affect the moral well-being, equally to be avoided, and others, again, to be ardently desired.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," because, like the atmosphere charged with elements that enter not into its constituent parts, they insinuate themselves into the moral system and deposit there what does not belong to the soul. We may shun all these. We live in a physical atmosphere liable to be corrupted by various influences, but we may build our residences above them, so as to be beyond their reach. We are in a world, also, whose moral atmosphere is tainted by various hurtful things, but we may choose that portion of it which is

far away from their contaminating influences. The prophetic language of past ages corroborates this. "It shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of Jehovah's house shall be established in the top of the mountains," far above the moral miasmas of the marshes below, where the pure breath of heaven completely fills field and forest, avenue and dwelling. The angel that talked with the prophet Zechariah made this declaration: "Jerusalem shall be inhabited as towns without walls," or, literally translated, as *country villages*; evidently a literal and truthful prophecy of the actual dwelling places of "Jerusalem which is above;" above the old one with its narrow, filthy, disease-producing streets, and its lofty, war-enticing walls, and above everything that is low in its moral and spiritual condition. "I," says Jehovah, "will be a wuff of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her." He is her protection both from external foes and internal vices, better than walls of stone and gates of brass. The Divine Breath goes through her fields, her streets and her dwellings. It makes music in her groves, moves in her waving grain, and manifests itself in the beauty and fragrance of every flower that greets the eye. Entering into the innermost spirit of every one enrolled as a citizen of this Jerusalem, and working outwardly, it brings everything within him into the completest harmony with the whole.

"Every divinely inspired scripture is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect." He in whom God breathes the divine life, may impart that life to others, and even his writings, though subject to numerous copyings and translations, will have an influence for good on all after generations, so that the apostle has justly styled such, "God-breathed scripture." This inspiring influence is not confined to the books of the Bible, whether Catholic or Protestant, but is discovered, also, in the writings of many others, by those whom the Divine Spirit illuminates.

This life-giving breath was that which inspired John Wesley on that memorable occasion when, listening to the reading of Luther's scripture comments, he felt a strange glow in his heart. It was this which gave him "thoughts that breathed and words that burned," and made him so efficient in turning others to righteousness. If, however, he had given more heed to the word that spoke within him than to those written by Luther, he would have effected a more thorough work than he did; though, it is true, Luther's theology could not shut the divine teachings wholly from his soul. This, also, dwelt largely in George Fox, as a fire within him, constraining him to cry aloud and spare not the vices of his age. This pure breath of Heaven became the permanent life of Mother Ann when she had wrought out her redemption from the lower life; and, in the possession of this, she could say, "If there is anything within me contrary to God, I do not know it." This was recognized by many of her devoted children as soon as they came into her presence; was felt in her singing, in her words of encouragement, and in her reproofs of sin.

This must be the life-element of the Christian,

which shall purge from his entire being whatever does not belong to the life of Heaven; must create within him new desires and dispositions that will, in the end, infinitely surpass the best which he possessed previously. When this is effected within him, then is accomplished in him, in its highest sense, the divine fiat, "Behold, I create all things new!"

WM. H. BUSSELL.

Physical Improvement.

It is not a question, but a settled fact, that physical culture and improvement should go hand in hand with spiritual progression. It is uphill work to be good Christians, unless we learn to live rightly, physically, and obey the laws of life and health. A sound mind in a healthy body is the best condition in which to live out the true principles of Christianity, and enable us to do the greatest amount of good, spiritually and physically.

Let us set about the work more earnestly, to correct all the wrong habits of life. Let us learn to take care of our health, keep the digestive organs in good order, being careful not to overtax them. Our food should be healthful, and healthfully prepared; we should eat our food slowly, with thankful hearts and cheerful spirits. There is much said and done to suppress the sin of intemperance in alcoholic drinks, while the great sin of gluttony is winked at; and who is wise enough to tell which is the more deplorable, the more effectual in breaking down the constitution, benumbing the senses, depressing the spirits, and unfitting people for active duty? The Shakers have made some efforts to reform and overcome the wrong habits of life; they have gained some victories, but have more yet to gain. Would it not be well for some to speak through THE SHAKER in regard to these matters? Let the testimony go forth, both to Shakers, and to others who have ideas that need to be shaken. Those living in the order of nature, in the marriage state, should so live as to produce healthy offspring; such as will make good Shakers. The world stands in need of more Shakers, to act as a balancing power; to keep in check the increasing tide of human depravity. It is for the world's interest to have more good Shakers on the earth.

Then, let all be awakened to feel the need of coming up higher; of living holier and practicing more self-denial; and let all who feel that they are able to bear the *Shaker cross* and *live the life*, be Shakers.

WM. H. WETHERBEE, Shirley, Mass.

The End of the World.

This subject is being agitated at the present time with increased animation. "The World's Crisis" is positive of this event occurring within five years; when the earth will collapse, and Jesus make an appearance to save Second Adventists from the otherwise general destruction. We have before us a pamphlet,* written with much sincerity, and compiled with much mathematical ingenuity, declarative of the destruction of the physical world in the year 1873. We are believers in the ending of the

world, and of the appearance of Christ's Spirit; and make no objection to the times that have been set; but of choice would name 1871. We have a hopeful faith that the world will end in 1875; also in 1873; and nearer still, the present year of 1871!

The world to which we refer is the world of sin; others allude to the physical earth. The result of our opinions, would be perfected Christian characters, by being those "upon whom the ends of the world have come," as really to-day as two or four years hence. The result of Miles Grant's opinions would be the resurrection of dead bodies; weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth on the part of the multitude, while a few would rise to ineffable glory in perfected physical trim. If the world is to end, we say let it end to our largest Christian profit; at the expense of our pride; our lusts; to the destruction of all that makes us unlike our pattern—Jesus, who became the Christ. Our earth is too pretty to be destroyed; but our evil dispositions, made up of the world, are only worthy of annihilation, and the quicker they merit their just dues, the better for the individual and the race.

Our beautiful earth will continue to revolve, we believe, a few centuries longer; but the work of purging from our souls "the beggarly elements of the world" should commence at once; let these come to an immediate ending. The elements composing the world which should end, are "the lusts of the flesh, of the eyes, and the pride of life;" and "be of good cheer," said Jesus, "for I have brought these elements to an end." Putting an end to the world, after the manner of Jesus, causes the dead to rise—the dead in sinful works; for they cease their sinfulness and are resurrected to the life of the righteous. The Adventists are looking in the *clouds of earth* for the coming man; while they should seek among the *clouds of heavenly witnesses*, the truth, that the second appearance of Christ will be through the *feminine order*! But why dwell upon the second appearance of Christ, while so few are assured that Christ has made a *first* advent? The first appearance of Christ to any individual will have the effect of saving him from his sins; not from the penalty of past sins, but from the necessity of transgression in the present and future. How many experience this salvation? to just so many has Christ appeared, no more. And none can realize the second advent of this blessed Spirit, until they have experienced the baptism of the *first* appearance, which will put an end to the world of sin, ere the second advent can take place. All will yet experience the end of the world. All will be visited by the Spirit of Christ. But these occurrences will not happen simultaneously to all. Some have already put an end to the world in themselves, and are experiencing the blessing of Christ's Second Appearance! Others are ripening up to be harvested from the world, by the harvestman—Christ; then will they willingly forsake a worldly life; all that composes the practice of "the children of this world" will be brought to a speedy close. Here is the hope of the people called Shakers—having ripened up to the necessity of living angelic lives, they are those "upon

whom the ends of the world have come;" and they look for the continuance of their organization, to those whom the Spirit of Christ will similarly affect. But the people generally, at present, seem too devoted to the pleasures of a worldly life, and are quite unwilling that these should end. Elder Grant, while looking for a general smash-up in 1875, is quite unwilling to become "a eunuch for the kingdom of heaven's sake" before that time; and we will have patience with him, and all other Adventists, if, upon the non-appearance of Jesus; the continuation of the earth in its course; the willful adhesion of dead bodies to their graves, and the absence of a general conflagration, they will come to the common-sense conclusion, that what they are earnestly looking for with their natural eyes, will occur only in a spiritual manner and be spiritually discerned. Many arrived at this conclusion after the failure of 1843; and are among the staunchest supporters of the principles of the Shaker Church to-day. They have since seen the earth, and earthly pleasures pass away with a great noise; they have heard Gabriel's trumpet sounding the "come up higher" invitation; they were dead in trespasses, and were raised up to the mount of salvation; and when they realized their mistake they sung, as all sincere Adventists are destined to sing:

"Adieu, adieu, *o' my world*, farewell!
I find no rest in thee!

Thy greatest pleasures form a hell

Too dark and sad for me!

Alas, alas! I have too long

Preferred thy sinful crowd;

I've listened to thy siren song

'Till mercy called aloud!

"Adieu, vain world, I say once more;

I'm bound for Canaan's land;

I see a happy world before,

Prepared at God's right hand!

On life's tempestuous sea I sail,

Where countless billows roll;

Yet Christ, my pilot, will not fail,—

With him, I trust my soul.

"He can command the roaring tide,

And silence all my foes;

With courage, safely I can ride

Through every wind that blows;

And as I daily homeward steer,

Toward the sweet land of peace,

This world does less and less appear,

And all its charms decrease!

"While shining millions, sailed before,—

Who've gained the port above,

Found nothing in old Babel's store,

That they could prize or love;

That everlasting glory bright,

Will tarnish all below;

Just as the sun's meridian height

Forbids the stars to glow!"

Be strong, be steadfast in fair virtue's cause,
Nor fear reproof, nor covet vain applause;
Heed not of evil tongues the envious strife,
Nor the loud storms that rage in human life.
On truth's firm basis let your hopes remain,
And seas may rage and tempests roar in vain.

'Tis easiest dealing with the firmest mind;
More just when it resists, and where it yields, more
Blest are the lips that open but to bless! [kind.
That never yet the gentle heart belied!
Still prompt to smile, to praise, or to caress,
And ever slow to censure or to chide;
Blest shall they be on earth by all who hear,
Nor their vocation change in heaven above;
For what do angel lips in that bright sphere,
But sing of praise, of mercy, and of love.

How terrible is passion! how our reason
Falls down before it; whilst the tortured frame,
Like a ship dashed by fierce encounter's tide,
And of her pilot spoiled, drives round and round,
The sport of wind and wave. CONN.

* "The Midnight Cry" by Barbour.

Let Truth roll on.

Roll on, thou mighty tide of Truth, and deluge all the land;
Sweep error from a suffering world, where now it holds command.
Roll on, roll on, nor cease to flow, 'till each vile weed shall die,—
The worthless tares and bitter fruit sown by the enemy.

Too long already hath this tide set back upon its source;
But yet 'twas gaining added strength and a restless force;
And as the rains from heaven descend, this swelling torrent deep
Shall dash the foam impetuously, and every barrier leap.

Then raise the flood-gates, free its course, and let it onward go;
The thirsty earth will drink it in, and better fruit will grow.
Why should we waste our precious stores, in this the time of dearth,
When lo! grim want and famine gaunt, are stalking o'er the earth.

Why not set free this blessed stream, to irrigate the land;
Why not "go into all the world," obeying Christ's command?
These solemn thoughts and feelings deep, are surging in my soul,
I can no longer silence keep, Truth must and will control.

To wakeful watchers, it is true, the night seems very long;
Some fear in darkness should we work, it might be all done wrong;
But morning now is dawning bright upon the traveler's way,
And glorious rays of gleaming light declare the coming day.

'Tis time for gospel light to spread abroad o'er land and sea;
And man must learn that nothing else but truth can make him free.
O, let it have an outlet wide—let gospel graces shine,
'Till all can see and own, that love and virtue are divine.

E. H. PERSONS, Harvard.

Retrospection.

A century has passed since Mother Ann's gospel was revealed to mortals; and, though we may think the progress slow, that but little has been achieved, yet let us consider how great, how laborious, was the work of the first pioneers. I have watched the rise and progress of Pleasant Hill from my childhood up, for sixty-two years. I saw the brethren, with their own industrious hands, fell the sturdy oaks and maples, right here, where our large and commodious dwellings now stand and have stood for many long years. I saw very soon, young as I was, that providing for the outer man was not their greatest aim, but they sought first the kingdom of heaven, and then, by giving their hearts to God and putting their hands to work, they wrought wonders in this land.

How very easy now for the wayfaring man, the widow and the orphans to find a home of sweet rest, where everything is ready, provided by the hands of kind and tender friends. I verily believe, that in the course of another century, the beautiful villages, that are being reared by the hands of the pure and righteous servants of God, will become "As diadems on the brow of the Universe."

HORTENCY G. HOOSER, Pleasant Hill.

Time, its Records.

Thou precious boon to mortals given,
A little space in which to learn—
Probation is thy name in Heaven,
Thou'rt fruitful with immortal germs.
Whither dost thou flee forever?
Say what freight thy moments bear!
From my soul what strong endeavor?
What the deeds thou dost declare?

None can stay thy rolling ages,
None recall thy moments past,
Deep engraven are thy pages,
Fadefless are thy photographs.
Life, the silent, tireless artist,
On thy flying canvas lays
Every changing scene, regardless
That the form so soon decays.

O, thou viewless portrait taker,
Thy unerring pencil, draws
The minutest act or feature,
And records its secret cause;
Slaves and nobles, fools and sages,
There behold their likeness cast;
Time will soon unfurl its pages,
Nothing perished but the mask.

Spoken to the ear in closets,
Or in deeds revealed to sight;
Even though you've only mused them,
There are blazing, wrong or right!
Faithfully they stand recorded,
Pleading at the angel court;
And though never, never worded,
Each shall make its true report.

The revelations of physiology, phrenology and psychometry go to prove that every person carries his history with him, and that history is manifest in his actions, and stamps his features with unerring precision. "A man is, what he does." Every act of mind or body, open or secret, helps make each individual life, that is displayed in character. Each act records itself with a faint or deep impression, according to the nature and intensity of the impulse that prompts it.

Behold the astronomer, gauging space, and resolving the intricate mazes of planets, suns and systems—those mighty chroniclers of un-numbered cycles. He seems already to have entered eternity, and, in his contemplation of past and future, to gaze upon the eternal.

Somewhat nearer, see the geologist, closely scanning the rocks, and drawing from the depths of the earth her secret records, extending back through countless ages, to primeval chaos. Nearer, still, we see history laid under contribution, and the exhumed monuments of buried races are made to testify to the past transactions and acquirements of the human family.

Also the Bible, that venerated book and much abused record, is put upon trial, its doctrines canvassed and merits discussed, in this age of ages. Even that which has so long claimed the name and station of Christianity is brought to the bar and sharply interrogated; and we opine that, before the trial terminates, it will be found miserably wanting in all the essential elements of pure Christianity—for, see! it does not save its votaries from sin! Its most sanctified teachers and professors confess themselves sinners, and believe it impossible to live without sin! What a sham Christianity is that which, instead of burning up iniquity, spreads a veil over it!

All departments of human knowledge and research seem to be undergoing a sifting or shaking process, by the power of the quickened

intellect of the race. If any believe these are not the external manifestations of the judgment day, will they believe that the spirit of progress is less active, less progressive in the spiritual than in the natural and intellectual elements of man's creation?

If the spirit of God operates among mankind like wheels within wheels, the centre being much smaller and slower in movement than the circumference, may not attract so much attention, though it be the source, both of motion and power to those more external.

People see a small body of Shakers, view their external organization and habits, and, perhaps, think them a strange curiosity—being, however, only as one tree surrounded by a forest, or as one block in a quarry, they are deemed remarkable for singularity, but otherwise of little consequence. Few stop to inquire why it is so, or what will come of it. After learning that Shakers hold a community of interests, that they are very neat, very honest, and do not marry, they care not to go much further.

But why is it? What induces free and intelligent people to associate together for the practice of principles so repugnant to the natural feelings and desires of the earthly man as are those of the Shakers? Wealth cannot be the motive, where all are upon a level, and distribution is made to each according to needs and circumstances, without reference to individual tastes and peculiarities, and where the surplus goes for the benefit of the needy, or unfortunate outside of the organization.

The desire for a comfortable home cannot be the bond of union in so much voluntary restraint; neither can it be ignorance of themselves or of the world that keeps the Shakers together. What, then, is the secret bond of their union?

Who devised a plan so contrary to man's depraved nature? Who sustains it? And what is the purpose of its Author? These are questions well worth the consideration of the seriously inclined.

ALONZO HOLLISTER, Mt. Lebanon.

The Setting Sun.

The setting sun resplendent shone,
And bade the earth farewell;
Soon night's deep shades will intervene,
And cast upon each lovely scene
Its dark and silent spell.

Yet weep not thou, but humbly bow—
God worketh not in vain;
Although beneath the stormy wave,
The brilliant orb sinks in the grave,
'Twill rise, 'twill rise again,
'Twill rise again, 'twill rise again;
Although beneath the stormy wave,
The brilliant orb sinks in the grave,
'Twill rise, 'twill rise again.

What then, if here the silent tear
Doth oft unbidden roll;
While every joy that filled the heart,
In sorrow seemeth to depart,
And darkness vells thy soul;
Yet fear not thou, but humbly bow—
Thy tears are not in vain;
Although beneath the stormy wave,
Thy sun of gladness make its grave,
'Twill rise, 'twill rise again,
'Twill rise again, 'twill rise again;
Although beneath the stormy wave,
Thy sun of gladness make its grave,
'Twill rise, 'twill rise again.

JOHN ROBE, Mt. Lebanon.

The American Shaker in London.

To the Editor of the Golden Age.

Your kind favor of the 27th of July is at hand. I have not received (but expect to in a day or two) THE GOLDEN AGE. Indeed, many "lovers of this kind," have waited for that in the shadowy past, and "obtained not the sight." But thanks to time and the laws of progress, which, like those of gravitation, never relax their efforts, now is the desired consummation nearer than ever before. I am in London, England. I see, I hear, I observe, and "I keep up a terrible thinking." Ninety-six years ago, a poor woman externally, but rich in the notice of the Heavens, was driven from these shores by the "Church and State" "beast" to the wilderness of America, then in the Revolutionary struggle, which by the "visions of God," she declared would result in the establishment of a government that would let each person frame their own theology. And thanks to the yet-to-be-honored name of Thomas Paine, more than any other, that "Golden Age" idea was realized.

And to-day I am in London, as the representative successor of this same woman; and back of me are some seventy communities of people, who believe that she experienced the return to our earth of "the Christ," which first the Heathen Roman Church and State, and then the Christian Roman Church and State, crucified; and the latter a good deal more effectually than the former; for the "saint" who sins, serves the devil more acceptably than any "sinner" can possibly do. So far as my mission has been known, England has said "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" I have been most hospitably received and attentively listened unto. I began by announcing a meeting in Cleveland Hall, where the Spiritualists had held frequent meetings.

The attendance was small, but increased at each succeeding call, until I decided to give all who wished to hear and see a Shaker, an opportunity to do so, by engaging St. George's Hall, and inviting Hepworth Dixon to occupy the chair. But I sadly miscalculated the slow, unexcitable, and unfanatical English mind, as not more than a third of the people who came could get into the hall.

Those who did fill it, were of the "better classes," to use an Englishism. As tickets had been sent to some two hundred M.P.s. and sixty editors, we had a corps of reporters.

And among them all, the *Times* did itself the honor to make the fairest report; and much to my surprise, the *Thunderer* has taken the lead in welcoming "the Shaker," saying that "it was an opportunity not to be lost, to hear an authentic exposition of Shakerism." The result is that I am literally overwhelmed with visitors, invitations to lecture, and applications to go home with me to "Zion."

My impressions, while in my quiet mountain home, of the state of England, is realized to the letter. Politically, as well as geographically, there is only "the Channel" between England and France. The plethora of population is felt by everybody. "There are too many of us," is the common expression. Yesterday I received an invitation to deliver

an address before the Co-operative Emigration Society; I have spoken before "The Temperance League;" the Woman Suffrage people are especially favorable to an Order, founded by a woman, claiming that God, being dual, the Government of the Universe itself is equally masculine and feminine; and that it ought to be the type and pattern of all human governments, from that of the household of nature to "the household of faith," with its "father and mother and brethren and sisters," having their "houses and lands" "in common." The Peace advocates find coadjutors in Shakers; and in proposing (as you will see by the report of my St. George's Hall speech, which I send you, I have done), that the English people put their governmental machinery into the hands of the Quakers, who "marry and are given in marriage" (as we have turned our Indian government over to them), I have put the "dead body" of the Quakers on their feet again, and would give them something to keep them alive.

And inasmuch as this government, in the society, is dual, and they are practically acquainted with the rights and capabilities of woman, who thus, "by reason of use," have their managing abilities developed, let the Quaker men take possession of the House of Commons and the Quaker women have the House of Lords. This will begin the millennium. The reign of "peace on earth" would commence by disbanding the army and navy, and breaking up the whole military system. The people would soon be the owners of the soil; poverty be banished; "the social evil" be no more an eye-sore, and a cancer on the vitals of the nation. The national debt would be paid and cancelled; and one nation would actualize the visions of the seers; and the words of promise spoken by "all the prophets since the world began," would be no longer vain visions, or hope deferred, which has made the heart of humanity sick; but hope would have its fruition in a just, peaceful, and happy people; and the co-existence of the resurrection, or Shaker Order of celibacy, would hold in check, and balance the principle of population.

F. W. EVANS.

LONDON, August 11th, 1871.

Draw Nigh.

There was a law among the ancient Persians, that whomsoever should present themselves before the king, unless they were called to his presence, should be put to death, except such to whom the king should extend the golden sceptre. (See Esther, iv:11.) But in this our day we have no such prohibition. The sceptre to us is *always* extended. And it is a sceptre of *mercy*. The *still small voice* says *come*. It is a general and universal invitation, from our glorious King, to *draw nigh* at all times, and in all circumstances, by prayer and devout supplication, to make known our desires to Him. And we may *freely* address Him, not only as the Eternal, the Almighty, Creator of all things, but as our heavenly *Father and Mother*.

It is not in the spirit of bondage, or of fear, that we may approach Him; but in the spirit of love. We may cry to Him, not as a crimi-

nal to a judge, nor as a slave to a master, but as a child to a Father, whom he tenderly loves, and who feels for him a pure and holy affection. The Apostle John says: "I write unto you, little children, because ye have *known* the Father." Who is a child so likely to know as his Father? What is the first word he utters but "My Father," or "My Mother?" To whom is he so likely to flee in the hour of danger? On whom will he call so freely in distress? He relies on him for care and protection. He expects that he will defend him and provide for him. Then, will not God, who stands in this endearing relation, in a much *higher* and *holier* degree, exemplify it and fulfill it more *perfectly* and *divinely*? He certainly will. Then let this give us boldness and courage, at all times, to *ask*, and the promise is that we *shall* receive. Draw nigh.

CONN.

DANIEL ORCUTT.

What hidden works of darkness lie shrouded beneath the mask of base deception—of speeches fair, and colors false! Oh! the depth of human depravity.

It is honorable to be great; it is excellent to be small. "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Plough deep the fallow ground of the heart, sow and cultivate the seeds of purity, love and truth, and you will reap a rich harvest of true felicity.

What is hell?—A condemned conscience.

Where, and what is Heaven?—Heaven is within you; it is a condition or state of the mind devoid of error or remorse.

Let those who profess faith in Jesus Christ maintain good works. "*By their fruits ye shall know them.*"

"*I am a dead dog,*" exclaimed a poor backslider to the Christian faith! Is there not more hope of him than of a professing Christian saint, who sins daily and seeks to hide his iniquity?

Prayer, like a golden key, unlocks treasures of inestimable value. Be careful which way you turn it.

The heart of a wicked person drinks in vanity as a dry sponge absorbs water. When they are full, a very little pressure causes an emission.

D. A. BUCKINGHAM.

Why I am a Shaker.

A friend asks: "Why are you a Shaker?"

Answer.—Because I have resolved to be an honest man—a Christian. Jesus was the first Christian. By precept and example he pointed to a more excellent way than was marked out even in the Jewish economy, which was far above heathen idolatry.

When I was awakened to see my loss from God, through a departure from his laws, I sought to become a Christian. I looked to the Churches to find the good Shepherd who feeds his flock, for my soul was hungry. But I could not find him; nor hear his voice. I then looked to find his footprints, that I might know whither he leadeth his flock to rest. The ministers of the popular churches told me that I

was a Christian. But my conscience said, Nay! Jesus Christ, the great exemplar, said, come out from the world and be separate; be pure, be just, be holy; renounce war, and those lusts which produce war. "As ye would that others should do to you, so do ye the same to them." I knew that I could not be a full Christian unless I followed the example of Jesus Christ, and lived, in word and deed, as he did; and my conscience reproached me, and was my accuser day and night; for I was so very unlike the *Pattern*, who was a celibate from deep principle; this I was not. He utterly condemned war; I did not. He said, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in Heaven, the same is my relative—my mother, or sister, or brother." The ties of consanguinity (not the principles of pure celibacy) formed the bond which held me.

The Spirit, through Providential agencies, led me to the *Shakers*. I found them to be a community of people living as did the Pentecostal Church, ignoring war and private property, loving their brethren and sisters as themselves, and abstaining from all sexual and sensual gratifications; indeed, living pure virgin lives. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Here were the fruits. As an honest man, I cast my lot with them. They taught me to confess and forsake all sin; to right every wrong; to cleanse my heart from all impurity, and to "go and sin no more." *This is why I am a Shaker.*

ADAM GEORGESEON, Canaan, N. Y.

Society Record.

MT. LEBANON.—We learn that black was the color, decided by the majority, for the new fence at the Church Family—we yield to majorities. Apples scarce; pears abundant, but suffering from blight or rust; blackberries many—"twenty-two individuals, including *horses and wagons*, visited Washington Mt. to collect them, September 2." F. W. Evans arrived home on the 15th of September, in good health, though somewhat worn; he was more than welcome.

WATERVLIET.—Ministry here on the 13th of September, from Lebanon. General health. Sealing fruits in full operation.

HANCOCK.—A new woodhouse is completed here—thirty feet by seventy feet. Crops look well—corn a little later than usual.

ENFIELD, N. H.—Church family have done some painting. The North have painted all their buildings within the year. If any Shakers, or those who admire Shaker work, are in need of Shaker pails, tubs, etc., write H. Cummings, Enfield, N. H. We are vouchers for quality.

SHIRLEY says we made a mistake concerning blackberries—they were blueberries; glad to correct. They also want more health than was represented in September.

CANTERBURY—"Larger crowds at our meetings this year than for years. Wish we could better administer to their necessities." Usual health. Elder Benjamin Smith is afflicted by over-exertion and sun-stroke, but improving.

ALFRED.—Ministry at Mt. L. on the 2d of September. Sale of place not mentioned.

SOUTH UNION.—"Religious element very scarce in these parts—about fifty attending public service from without the village—more being too lazy to get up, and to our meetings by 10 A. M."

OBITUARIES.

Henry Youngs, Mt. L., aged 83, August 22.

Richard Dean, W. V., N. Y., aged 73, Aug. 17.

Anna Rawson, Hancock, aged 92, August 17.

Eldress Eunice Hastings, Hancock, aged 80, Sept. 9.

NOTICE.—Stereoscopic views of Shaker villages can be obtained by addressing James Irving, Troy, N. Y., and H. A. Kimball, Concord, N. H.

Gospel Treasures.

Should we take the bright wings of the morn
And soar over mountain and sea,
From lares that old ocean adorn,
To lands where the bright flowers be;
Should the mountains unbecom their gold,
And ocean her jewels restore,
Should earth all her treasures unfold,
Our spirits would still thirst for more.

There are far reaching depths in the soul,
No phantoms of pleasure can fill;
There are wild waves of passions that roll,
No power but of Heaven can still:
There's a heart sad and lonely within,
A hunger for good from above;
There's a deep seated sorrow for sin,
And thirst for pure Heavenly love.

There's a happiness purity brings,
Contentment the gospel bestows;
There's a hope in the trusting heart springs,
Triumphant o'er earth and its woes:
There's a treasure of bliss far away,
Reserved for the righteous in store;
And the bright morn is dawning to-day
That never knows night any more.

There are pleasures that never grow old,
And hopes that will never decay;
There's a wealth that is richer than gold,
To all who the gospel obey.
Rejoice, then, ye faithful and true,
Your day of salvation has come;
The bright crown of glory in view,
Invites to your Heavenly home.

E. T. LEGGETT.

UNION VILLAGE, Ohio, Aug. 1871.

To the Juvenile Class.

The different stages of human existence may be compared to the seasons of each year—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. The skillful agriculturist and horticulturist understand the appropriate work for each of the seasons as they roll around. Spring is the proper time to prepare the soil for the reception of choice seeds. The earth itself contains seed which will grow without cultivation, and bring forth fruits and flowers. Some of the various kinds of fruits which grow spontaneously, are good and useful for food, both for men and birds; other kinds, which look very inviting, are poisonous and very hurtful. So of wild flowers and plants; some contain deadly poison, although they may be beautiful in appearance, while other kinds emit a sweet perfume, and the aroma is healthful. But cereals, and the choicest fruits and flowers, are produced by skill and labor. After the soil is properly prepared, the wise and careful husbandman deposits the good seed in the earth, where it is kindly nourished, warmed and enlivened by the sun's rays, and moistened by the dew-drops and gentle showers. Thus nurtured, those seeds germinate, and the little roots being weak and tender, they work their way down into the soil to get a strong hold there; while the delicate tendrils climb upward into the sunlight and unfold their leaves, which are full of little fibres, resembling the veins and pores of the human body, which open their mouths to inhale the pure atmosphere and drink in the sweet dews of the morning. With intense interest the agriculturist watches the growth of the good seed, and also watches, with a jealous eye, the appearance of every wild plant, or weed, that he may without delay pluck them up so that they may not choke the better seed, which should occupy the whole ground and have room to expand and grow, nourished by the full strength of the soil. Even then, if the sun refuses to shine, or the clouds withhold

the rain, those choice plants or vines become enfeebled, and wither, droop and die. But, aided by those essential elements, and the nice implements which art has produced, he toils hopefully on, and by midsummer he begins to reap some of the fruits of his labor. The gathering in of a bountiful harvest is a joyful task, although somewhat laborious.

With an eye to the future, day after day he toils on and gathers the ripe fruits, each in their season, and stores them carefully away; and, by the time that Spring, Summer and Autumn have passed, his garner is filled. And when the cold bleak winds of winter come riding along in their chariot, and the fleecy snows cover hill and dale, and ice-bound rivers and lakes are seen on the right hand and the left, this wise tiller of the soil is ready to wrap himself in his mantle and gather to his warm fireside to enjoy the fruits of his labor in the midst of peace and plenty.

In my next I will show the analogy of the seasons with the life we call human.

A. DOOLITTLE.

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